Hunting for Love

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Hunting for Love

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

The FBI forces Will to move to Denmark to get away from Hannibal Lecter after he is imprisoned. Will is finally able to live out his dream as an attendant in an animal shelter. Luckily for Will, he's able to make some friends, and the hot teacher from the Kindergarten across the street is interested in hunting.

They're able to bond over animals when they have a scarily close encounter with a shotgun in the forest, and the spotting of a White Tailed Doe.

How far will Will go to get Lucas a shelter dog that fits well with Fanny?

…
Hannibal Bingo: White Tailed Doe

Notes

Yes, I know this bingo was from 2023, but I'm not ready to be done with it!

Here is the prompt for "White Tailed Doe"

Chapter 1

Moving to Denmark was something Will never expected. He was never opposed to moving outside the States, but he wished it was under better circumstances. After putting Hannibal behind bars, the FBI wanted him far, far away from any influence surrounding the cannibalistic serial killer.

So, Will was forced to up and leave only a month after Hannibal's imprisonment. He had no knowledge of where his destination was until checking into the airport with his FBI given fake name and passport.

Denmark seems like a good place to recover; to retire. His work with the FBI is done, if — when — they call, he will not come. Will's dogs were not thought of by the FBI, so Alana promised that once he was settled, she would have all the arrangements set to have them shipped over as soon as she could.

Alana was always considerate like that, and Will made sure to pay one last early morning visit to Alana and Margot before heading to the airport. He wished them well, and gave a promise to keep in touch through secure means.

Will's new place is just as secluded as his one back in Wolf Trap. It's awfully quiet the first week without his dogs, but he fills the time by crafting new fishing lures to replace his old ones he couldn't carry with him. Once his dogs arrive, the first thing he plans to do is take them to a park in the next town over he'd been researching online.

Eventually, he'll take them down to the forest nearby, but it's best to wait for winter to pass for those activities. Some of his older dogs don't do too well in the snow.

The reunion is just as emotional as it had been when Will returned from prison, but this time his pups are the ones coming home to him. He can't imagine what he would've done if Alana had adopted them out to new homes while he was still on trial.

There's a few hours between their homecoming, and their first adventure in Denmark. It's fucking cold, snow still on the ground, but Will finds his dogs are too busy exploring and chasing each other to seem all too concerned about the temperature. Besides, they had gotten used to cold winters in Virginia, so this is no drastic change.

Will doesn't experience a culture shock until spring, but by summer, he's adjusted and living life well. He tries to take his dogs out to the park in the next town at least once a week, and he was able to land a small job in town to keep all seven mouths fed and happy.

He works at an animal shelter across from a kindergarten, and the older woman who runs the place introduced herself on only his second day of work. He hadn't heard anything from any of the other staff, but Will is able to recognize what staff go by what names now from how frequently the children call them out for attention.

The only male staff member, Lucas, as Will recalls, is definitely one of the most playful teachers, and Will can't help but feel joy watching how he plays with the children.

It makes Will think of what having his own children would be like, dropping them off at a daycare everyday and trusting someone kind and playful like Lucas to look after them.

Will knows in reality, his time has already passed. He just turned forty seven earlier in the year, and he would probably just shoot blanks at this point. The first step would be to find someone to carry his children, and Will is far, far away from that step. The only friends he's made so far in Denmark, are his coworkers who work many of the same evening shifts as he does at the shelter.

They go out for drinks sometimes, and blabber about god knows what while Will tries to understand. He's learning Danish, slowly but surely. It's a simple language but Will still can't seem to follow some of their conversations.

The leaves are turning orange by the time Will decides to take his dogs out to the forest where the fly fishing is known to be especially nice.

He lets his dogs run free, unconcerned with the area that they're in. The water is cold on his waders, and the fish aren't biting no matter how much he thinks they might. After a solid two hours, he forfeits and calls it a day.

Packing up his supplies is easy enough, but rounding up his dogs to go home is the hard part. Where his dogs are usually obedient and excellent listeners, their stubbornness comes out when they're in a new, interesting place.

He picks up his rod and his bag with all his materials inside, even his waders. With a shrill whistle, his first attempt to round up his dogs commences, the ones sniffing around the stream come running, but that's only three of them.

They pad alongside him as he heads towards the main trail so he can see through the trees. They're starting to drop their leaves, but the visibility is still terrible.

He moves deeper into the trees and calls out again, exciting the dogs already at his side. Will's starting to get anxious because his dogs aren't coming, and he's having to weave through the trees to find them.

The path is far off, and when he looks down towards the mud he's trekking through, he can see prints. Some are obviously canine, but there's a few sets that are not. Will had gotten very familiar with identifying tracks when he was in college, so when he crouches down, he can identify two things; one, that they're fresh, and two, that they're deer.

Will had heard that this forest was also an excellent spot for wildlife photography, and this must be the reason why.

He continues through the mud, calling for his dogs with high whistles. The colors on the trees are vibrant with oranges and yellows, to match the brown ones fallen on the ground.

That must've been why he hadn't noticed the man with the shotgun.

He faintly hears it cock, and he drops to the ground just in time to hear it fire. He thanks his years in the force for picking up on the faraway sound, and his instinct to get down.

The bullet makes contact with a buck Will hadn't noticed until it fell to the ground with a short cry and a thump. The rest of its herd scurries off in multiple directions, and Will just hopes none of them trample over his dogs.

He hears no yelps or cries by the time the chaos is settled, and he feels a breath of relief at that. Will rises to his feet and checks on the dogs by his side, they're on high alert, hackles raised, but completely okay.

Will whistles again, and this time the last stranglers come running, he can hear them jumping over fallen logs to get to him. He can hear them even over the person in the tall grass moving towards him at a jog. The hunter, probably.

His dogs arrive before the person does, and they go right to smelling the freshly killed deer. Will calls them to leave it, and they finally come to him. Just as they do, the hunter comes into his line of sight.

"Lucas." Will remembers aloud, shocked that he has such a hobby, but he still mutters the name under his breath. There's a dog by his side, heeled perfectly and looking up at the hunter.

Will's dogs must've been distracted by this small dog, and that's why they wouldn't come when called. Lucas looks down at his kill, and then up at Will. He says something in an almost lecturing tone, but it's in Danish, so Will doesn't understand.

The hunter takes a breath, then the next words that come from him are in English. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you." His accent is thick, and Will wants to hear more of it. "But this area is great for hunting in fall, not many come out to walk because of that."

"Oh- I wasn't made aware of that. I was worried about my dogs," Will admits, looking towards all seven of his dogs in one swoop. Everyone is accounted for and safe.

Lucas nods and crouches down, his shotgun safely strapped over his shoulder, on his back. Will's dogs immediately come to him, and start sniffing at the hands he's presented out as a greeting. Lucas's dog goes back to being social with the large pack of dogs.

Lucas pets the few dogs that do not turn their attention away from him to play with the small dog Lucas brought along.

"You work at the dog shelter,… you're Will" Lucas looks up from the dogs to talk to Will, but he's still petting the ones who ask for it. "The one across the street from the kindergarten."

Will has never seen Lucas observing him before, but he guesses it's only fair since he's been spying on Lucas since his first day at the shelter.

“Are these shelter dogs?” Lucas asks, glancing back down at the dog that he’s petting.

“No.” Will laughs, “No, they’re all mine.”

Lucas stands and adjusts his glasses, turning briefly to look at the dead deer behind him.

Will is avoiding looking directly at it. Brings back too many old memories of things lost.

“Fanny is a lonely dog,” Lucas redirects his attention back towards Will, “my son is her best friend, but he doesn’t come around much anymore.”

Will feels bad for both the dog, and for Lucas, but he decides it’s best to just stay silent to avoid causing offense.

Lucas shifts his weight to look down at his little dog called Fanny. “I was considering adopting her a friend so she’s not lonely when my son is with his mom.”

Now this is something Will can do, it’s practically his entire job at this point. He’ll spend more time pitching dogs to people then he will spend with the actual dogs. “We’ve got plenty of social rescues who I’m sure Fanny would get along with well, if you’re interested.”

“I’ll think about it,” Lucas promises and gives a small smile to Will as a gift. Then, he turns his attention towards the massive buck he just killed. There’s no way Lucas can carry it himself, so even though hunting and deers in general make Will uncomfortable, he feels like he should offer.

“Do you need help getting him to your car?” Will eyes the deer and fidgets with the straps on his backpack.

Lucas turns his attention towards Will with a soft smile, “Would you? I normally have my son to help me haul them back.”

Will nods, and he tries his best to seem eager to help in any way he can. But truly, he’s hesitant. There can only be so many times that you investigate people mounted on antlers before you start to feel queasy at the sight of them.

He’ll take the back side of the buck, that way he doesn’t have to feel the stiff points against his body as he carries the limb weight of the hundred pound animal.

Will moves towards his position near the hind legs, and finds a sturdy hold on the deer. Lucas notices the plan forming here, and decides to use the buck’s massive antlers as handles to lift him.

“Tre, to, en.” Lucas counts down from three in Danish, and Will lifts when he gets to one. The buck is not nearly as heavy between the two of them, and they’re able to walk through the forest back towards Lucas’s car.

Lucas is watching behind him as he walks backwards, and Will is relieved at that. He doesn’t have the expectation for eye contact here, and that’s always much more comfortable. It’s only every so often that Lucas will turn back towards Will to make sure he’s doing alright.

The walk back towards Lucas's car only takes a few minutes, but Will's pants are splattered with blood that had been dripping towards him on the uphill climb.

He tries not to look down towards the deer at all, with the fear of dissociating like he is so inclined to. Instead, he watches Lucas's hands as they tie the buck down onto the roof of his vehicle.

Will feels useless standing there, but he's unsure if he should leave. Lucas is good at tying knots, and it takes him no time at all to strap the deer down for the drive home.

"Did you park far from here?" Lucas asks as he rounds the car to come face to face with Will again. Will looks down towards all of his dogs, and does a mental headcount to make sure all of them are present.

He doesn't process that Lucas was speaking to him until he looks up again, and the Dane is staring right at him. Waiting for an answer.

"Not too far," Will assures, staring down at Lucas's lips rather than his eyes.

"Can I drive you over?" Lucas asks with his back turned. He's tucking away his shotgun into its padded case. Will notices that there's a nice little lock on it that Lucas makes sure is secure with a series of tugs.

"My dogs won't fit in your car," Will shrugs, avoiding Lucas's eyes again when he turns back.

Lucas seems to think a moment before he reaches into his pocket, and his vehicle makes a beeping sound like it's locked. "Then you'll allow Fanny and I to walk you back, right?"

Will would much rather just have the company of his dogs, but he does know how to be polite. Sometimes it's just best to play along with people, so Will agrees.

Fanny seems confused why they're walking away from the car, but when Lucas calls her, she trots along. She keeps looking back towards the vehicle for as long as it's in view, and it makes Will laugh.

Lucas smiles and starts on a rant about how he'd come across Fanny in the country one day, and how he'd sat in the back of his car with treats, trying to get her to trust him.

Will opens up and shares about how he'd come across Winston in a similar manner. There's very few topics that will get Will to speak with prompting, and stray dogs are one of them.

The walk with Lucas is pleasant, and his additions to the conversation are fun and friendly. They even discuss about some of the rescue dogs living at the shelter that Will thinks would get along well with Lucas and Fanny.

They arrive at the parking lot that Will had left his car in, and Will is so busy speaking and monitoring his dogs, that he doesn't notice that Lucas had stopped.

“Will,” It’s a soft whisper, but it’s just enough to make him stop in his tracks. Will just now notices that Lucas's hand is wrapped around his bicep to hold him still, “Look at her.”

Will can’t tell if the second part of Lucas’s sentence was towards himself or towards him. But as soon as Will looks up, he understands what the Dane is talking about. He’s slow and quiet when he backs up one step at a time.

“She’s beautiful,” Lucas whispers, and Will can’t help the flutter he feels at the humanity of it. Lucas just took a buck down, but he still stops to admire the beauty of wildlife.

Had he considered the buck beautiful before he killed it? Will tries not to shiver at the thought, and instead gets close enough to Lucas that their two presences merge into one.

The white tailed doe has not noticed them yet, and she is completely content. She picks her head up between grazing the bush she’s standing in, and flicks her tail around easily.

Underneath her, hidden among the bushes, is a fawn. This fawn is very small, and its spotted coat is yet to shed off.

The peace in the air makes the two men feel light, watching these two creatures of nature live easily. If only they could accomplish that easy peace in everyday life.

The stream is as close to peace as Will gets, it’s the only place where his mind can be quiet. He can’t empathize with fish.

Will leans into Lucas’s side and the older man tenses up briefly, before relaxing his muscles once again. They both watch the fawn stand up as her mother starts to stalk away carefully.

She only seemed mildly threatened by them, and they both smile when mama and baby disappear into the brush.

“I’ve never been able to watch them this close,” Lucas admits, loosening his grip on Will’s arm.

“Back in Virginia, I would see herds of deer frolic through the long grasses of the dry fields,” Will shares, “They would tread lightly so as to not hurt the grass.”

“They’re ah-” Lucas stutters, “What’s the English word?”

“Empathetic?” Will wonders.

“Is that the word that means a deep connection to something—feeling what they feel?” Lucas follows up.

“Yeah,” Will smiles, looking up at Lucas and feeling that adoring and raw affection he craves. “That’s empathy.”

”It’s beautiful,” Lucas doesn’t give him a warning, but Will is pleasantly surprised when he’s met with the soft press of lips against his.

His lips are warm, and their height difference is perfect in the sense that neither of them have to adjust to have their lips slot together perfectly.

Will reaches up to drape his arms around Lucas's neck, and he allows the taller male to deepen their kiss. Lucas walks them forward, and Will finds himself pressed against his Volvo.

Lucas doesn't try to make any drastic moves, even in the dominant position. He keeps kissing Will gently, and doesn't violate any boundaries.

Will sighs in a sound of relieved pleasure into one of their kisses, and Lucas smiles.

"It's been a while," Will admits, "Since I've been kissed like that."

"I want to kiss you again," Lucas brings his hand up to pet along Will's cheekbone.

Will hears a whine come from one of his dogs and he laughs at their awfully comedic timing. Right as he was about to agree to stay and kiss in his back seat, his dogs voice their demands.

"My dogs are convinced that they've never eaten before," Will huffs, and he places a kiss on Lucas's cheek.

"I understand," Lucas smiles, "I'll bring them some deer jerky when we meet at your shelter."

"Maybe don't bring it into the shelter…" Will rubs at the back of his neck. The dogs in there do get excited when they smell fresh meat. "How about we take Fanny for a test drive in her home environment with another dog."

"You want to bring a shelter dog to my house?" Lucas questions the logic.

"No," Will smiles, "I want to bring one of my dogs to your house for dinner."

"Oh!" Lucas is shocked by the proposal, but he is very joyful when he accepts, "I think we would like that very much."

"Can I have your phone?" Will asks, pulling out his own in the process.

Lucas nods and retrieves his from his back pocket. He hands it over to Will, and he receives Will's phone in exchange.

They each type in their phone numbers, and Lucas smiles when he requests, "Call me."

"Yeah," Will replies, "Yeah, I'll call you. When will you have the jerky done?"

"Friday at the latest. Can you come over on Friday evening?" Lucas has that hopeful glint in his eyes. That will also give him plenty of time to decide what dish to prepare, and clean up his house.

"I'll call you on Thursday, then." Will assures him, tucking his phone back in his pocket.

“Okay,” Lucas feels a little awkward saying goodbye after that discussion, “I look forward to it.”

Will smiles at that dorky face, and he pulls on the lapels of his jacket to bring him down for another kiss, “As do I.”

With that, Will opens his trunk and whistles to get all of his dogs to climb back into his car. Lucas waves at him and scoops up Fanny so she doesn’t follow all of her new friends.

Lucas turns his ringer on, and all week he waits for the call.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will brings Winston over to Lucas's house for dinner so Fanny can interact with another dog in her home… they get along fine, but when Winston leaves, Fanny won't stop whining!

A desperate Lucas texts Will to come over with Winston to spend the night.

But there's only one bed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Will calls, Lucas tells him that he doesn't have to bring anything to their dinner. But Will doesn't feel right showing up empty handed, so he tucks one of his favorite whiskey bottles into his satchel.

He decides to bring Winston to Lucas's home, with the knowledge that most of the dogs at the shelter are larger dogs. Definitely larger than Fanny.

Winston is friendly enough to make friends, but also confident enough to know his boundaries. That's exactly what a dog like Fanny needs to understand what it is to have a new dog in her home.

Will and Lucas discussed a dinner time of 6:30, and Will promised to be there on time, despite living nearly 30 minutes out from the city.

They haven't talked about how far Will lives, and he frankly doesn't feel like Lucas needs to know since this is only supposed to be a casual thing.

Will is providing a test-drive dog for one night, and Lucas is repaying his kindnesses with dinner and jerky made from the buck he slaughtered.

It's no more than a simple exchange.

But when Lucas answers the door with a wide smile and an excited little dog at his heel, it's hard for Will to think of this as a transaction.

Lucas invites him in, and doesn't shut the door until the entirety of Winston is inside (it wouldn't do good to shut his tail in the door). Will thanks him for the invitation, and reveals his bottle of whiskey from inside his satchel.

Lucas thanks him, and offers to take his coat and bag to hang away from the dog hair. They engage in a short conversation about how work was during the week, and the dogs sniff one another in short circles.

Winston must be three times the size of Fanny, but she doesn't seem scared. Will files that information away for later when he will help Lucas pick out a perfect rescue for their home.

Fanny licks at Winston's jowels, and he tries to lift his head to get away from the tiny dog. Lucas notices how the behavior makes Winston anxious and uncomfortable, and asks Fanny to sit down, "Sidde, Fanny."

Will smiles at him, "Thank you."

He can tell that Lucas is good at reading canine body language, and that's why he releases Fanny from her sitting position once she stops eyeing up Winston's face.

After observing them for a minute more, Lucas and Will seem confident enough that they're going to get along that they leave them be, and migrate over to the kitchen.

"Thank you for bringing Winston," Lucas grabs them out two glasses, and pours them a healthy serving of the whiskey Will brought. "Fanny doesn't meet many dogs."

"She's a natural," Will comes up beside Lucas and takes the offered whiskey tumbler. The space between them buzzes with anticipation for the evening.

Lucas offers him a smile that warms Will from the inside, and after a moment of quiet where they just enjoy looking at one another, Will breaks the silence.

"What's for dinner?" He looks down at the stovetop where two pots covered by lids keep warm on low heat.

"A traditional Danish dish called Frikadeller," Lucas lifts one of the pots that holds what looks like meatballs, "I adjusted it to include some of the venison you helped me haul home."

"Smells delicious," Will admits, and he leans over to lift the lid on the other pot that holds the sauce and potatoes of the dish.

"Are you hungry?" Lucas asks, because it's still quite early.

"Starved," Will places the lid back over the pot and he uses his newly free hand to place on Lucas's shoulder, "I didn't get to take my lunch break today."

"Why is that?" Lucas questions, and doesn't move to keep Will's hand on him as long as possible.

Will offers him a teasing look, and grabs one of the plates that sits on the counter, "We'll talk about it while we eat, how about that?"

Lucas nods, and helps Will serve out their dishes in equal portions. Lucas's home is not very large, and the dining room is no larger than the kitchen, so they feel extremely connected

when they sit at the small table.

Will is the first to take a bite, and he hums out his approval of the dish, “Wow, Lucas, this is delicious.”

Lucas laughs at his enthusiasm at such a simple dish, “It is my son’s favorite too. You’re likely just hungry from fasting all day.”

“We received a hoarder case today…” Will takes another bite before finishing his sentence, “Seventeen dogs, and eight cats. They were all found abandoned by police this morning.”

“Does the shelter have room for such a group?” Lucas asks in astonishment, not quite understanding how someone could possibly abandon so many animals.

“Not even close,” Will shakes his head, “Ten of the dogs will be relocated to another shelter, three of them will be placed with fosters.”

“The other four?” Lucas asks, basically on the edge of his seat.

“All ready for adoption. Shockingly, those four are in quite decent shape despite the trauma they’ve been through,” Will waves his fork to punctuate his point.

Lucas smiles, but then it falls as a thought pops into his head, he breaches the subject lightly, “Not unlike you.”

Will’s hackles raise, and suddenly he feels like he’s been cornered. It’s bold to assume that Lucas would know about his story back in America. Especially the murders he had been framed for by the Chesapeake Ripper.

Lucas feels the need to explain himself further, since he receives no response, “I assume that moving to a new country was entirely isolating at first. Sorry to use the word traumatic, but I can’t think of a better English word.”

Will feels a wave of relief wash over him, and smiles at the consideration of how he has struggled since coming to Denmark. “It’s okay. It has been lonely since I moved.”

“Do you have any friends from America you still talk to?” Lucas asks, and he takes another bite from his plate.

“I have an engaged couple that I keep in contact with,” Will thinks of Alana and Margot, and how life has been so busy for them with their expectating pregnancy, “They’re the ones who helped me get my dogs to Denmark.”

“Do you miss America?” Lucas asks gently, not wanting to upset Will.

He takes a moment to consider it, “I miss my old home. Sometimes at night I would go out into the field and look back on it, and it was like a ship on the ocean. It was one of the only times I felt safe.”

“That seems peaceful,” Lucas tries to imagine what that was like, and he can relate to the feeling of finding safety in strange places.

“My life was stressful,” Will takes the last bite off of his plate, and chews before swallowing, “But now I get to do something I love everyday.”

Lucas sets down his fork and takes hold of Will’s hand against the table. He rubs his thumb over the scarred knuckles.

“You are such a good man,” Lucas admires the way that Will avoids his eyes when he says it, “I can’t think of many people that would be able to do what you do.”

“I just treat these animals as if they’re my own when I’m in the shelter,” Will explains, “It’s not hard to show an animal that they’re worth fighting for if you truly mean it.”

“So many people give up on shelter animals,” Lucas lifts Will’s hand to kiss his knuckles, “You’re extraordinary.”

Will chuckles, because he truly doesn’t understand why Lucas thinks his job is so special, but he can admit that it feels good to be treated like he’s special.

“I think that Fanny will do great with a rescue,” Will watches as Lucas holds his lips to his knuckles as he speaks, “Perhaps you could come by during the week and I could show you around?”

“I would love that,” Lucas flips over Will’s hand and kisses his palm.

“Can I help you clean up?” Will asks, and he tries to ignore how his face feels hot at the attention he’s receiving from Lucas’s lips. He can still remember how nice they felt against his own.

“There’s not much to clean,” Lucas stands to collect Will’s plate, “But I do have my promised jerky for your pack, if you’d like to give some to Winston for playing nice.”

At the mention of food, Winston and Fanny trot into the dining room holding the same rope. The sight causes both Will and Lucas to chuckle.

“I think he’d like that,” Will follows Lucas into the kitchen, and helps dry their two plates and silverware after Lucas washes them.

As the pots soak in a sink full of soapy water, Will talks more with Lucas and alternates between feeding Winston, and feeding Fanny the high reward treat.

They both sit patiently as Will sometimes gets distracted speaking to Lucas, and forgets to lower the treat down for the puppies.

When Will wraps up the rest of the jerky to take home, he’s delighted to see Fanny and Winston settle on the kitchen floor together side by side.

“They really get together well,” Lucas says as he comes up behind Will as they watch the dogs.

Will turns to face him, and doesn’t hesitate for fear of chickening out when he leans in for a kiss. Lucas seems shocked, but follows through with it despite the surprise.

The kiss lasts much longer than either of them thought it would, and they’re both breathing just a little too heavy when they pull back, “Thank you again, Lucas.”

“I would love to do this again,” Lucas holds Will by the waist, and leans in for another kiss, having regained his confidence again.

“Maybe after you visit the shelter we can take Fanny and her new friend out to the park together,” Will suggests.

“That’s a great idea,” Lucas kisses his cheek in that charming manner that he has.

“This jerky will make up for my absence tonight,” Will smiles, “Winston seems to enjoy it, I’m sure the others will.”

Getting Winston to leave the floor with Fanny is harder than Will thought it would be. Fanny seemed confused as to where Winston was going, and she tried to leave with Will once Lucas gave him one last goodnight kiss.

Winston didn’t seem too heartbroken to be leaving, but he was exhausted. Right when he got home, he accepted one last piece of jerky before laying down for bed.

The jerky that Lucas gave them would likely last a normal household with one or two dogs for weeks, but all seven of them nearly finished off the bag before Will decided they’d had enough.

He took the dogs outside and had another drink since the one at Lucas’s house wasn’t enough to stop all the thoughts about the Danish man.

It was another hour before he decided to go inside and shower, using the utmost care to not think about Lucas or his lips.

Just as Will was starting to get dressed into his nightwear, about two hours after returning home, his phone dings to notify him of a text.

Will crawls into bed before checking his new message, which he expects to be from Alana or Margot.

‘Fanny won’t quit crying, I think she misses you and Winston already.’

Without even thinking, Will types out his response, ‘I miss you and Fanny already.’

The bubbles that indicate that Lucas is typing pop up a moment later, and it takes at most ten seconds before the next message comes through, ‘I’m trying to comfort her, but she’s sad.’

‘Winston’s all tuckered out, he’s just been sleeping since we got home.’

‘I can’t sleep with her whining, it’s worrying me. I took her out on a walk, but she’s still upset’

‘I wonder if I should’ve stayed the night.’

Will feels his heart pound as he sends that last message, and he picks at the hangnail on his thumb as he waits anxiously for the response.

‘You still could.’

Will is shocked reading the message, when another one pops up right under it.

‘Not just because Fanny is upset, but because I want you to.’

Will smiles at that, and looks over to Winston. He’s asleep, but when he calls his name, his ears perk up and his eyes open. “Wanna go for a sleepover with Fanny?”

Winston’s tail starts wagging, and he stands from his bed to stretch the sleep from his body.

So, for the second time that night, Will fills up all the water bowls and lets the dogs outside. He gets dressed in clean day clothes, loads Winston into the car, and drives over to Lucas’s house with an overnight bag.

When he rings the doorbell, he hears Fanny bark which had not happened earlier in the evening. Now, Will realizes, it’s because she can smell Winston.

“Hush, Fanny,” Lucas soothes over her barks. When he opens the door, she slips out to greet Winston. Both Will and Lucas chuckle at this, since it’s only been two hours but she’s acting like it’s been an eternity.

“Time moves differently for dogs than it does for us,” Will watches them bow into a playing position before jumping around each other. “60 minutes feels like 75… so we’ve been apart 2 hours, but they feel it’s been 30 additional minutes added on.”

“How do you just know this stuff?” Lucas smiles fondly, and steps aside to let Will inside. Will calls for Winston to come in, and Fanny follows right after.

They run over to the living room, and they bounce around Lucas’s couches for quite a few minutes as their owners watch from the doorway.

“Thank you for coming back,” Lucas wraps his arms around Will’s waist and buries his face into his neck from behind, “I hate to say it, but she was driving me nuts.”

“I understand,” Will assures him. He reaches up to pet through Lucas’s straight hair, and the tickling sensation of his breath causes Will to squirm. “Dealing with whining dogs is something I do all day long.”

“And yet you still don’t see how good of a man you are for working at the shelter,” Lucas huffs.

“I would argue working with Kindergarteners is much worse,” Will watches as Winston plops down to lay on Lucas’s couch. Fanny runs a few circles around him before realizing that he’s tired and doesn’t want to play anymore.

“Hearing Fanny whine that much made my heart hurt,” Lucas admits, “she really does get lonely without my son here.”

“So do you,” Will realizes, and he turns in Lucas’s arms to look him in the face.

Will leans up to kiss Lucas gently, and he uses his hands to guide Lucas’s face through their kiss. He pets Lucas’s barely stubbly cheeks and uses as much restraint as he can to keep their kiss sweet and gentle.

“I get lonely too,” Will admits between their kisses. Lucas smiles sadly at him, and squeezes him tighter against his body.

“With seven dogs I would think you’d value alone time,” Lucas releases Will, because he realizes he never took his coat.

“I feel most lonely at night, when my dogs sleep in their beds around me on the floor, but mine is empty and cold,” Will lets Lucas strip him of his coat, and turns to look at the dogs once more.

They’re sound asleep together, Fanny curled into the space between Winston’s legs. They’ll stay nice and warm together tonight.

“I don’t have a guest bed,” Lucas breaches the subject that he was afraid of when he invited Will to stay the night, “My only spare bed belongs to my son when he visits.”

“I don’t want to sleep in your boy’s bed,” Will approaches Lucas and starts to unbutton his shirt from the collar, “I just told you I’d rather sleep in yours.”

Lucas blushes as Will reveals the furry expanse of his chest, and he replays Will’s words in his head to try to figure out when he said that.

“I think you should show me to your room,” Will says blatantly as he lets Lucas’s shirt fall to the floor. He’s shockingly slim for a man of his lifestyle and his age.

Lucas nods and readjusts his glasses before leaning down to collect the shirt that fell in stumbling motions. He shows Will up the stairs, and right at the top is Lucas’s dimly lit room.

There’s a single lamp on, but it’s enough to see the bed and the neatly kept, but small bedroom.

Will feels comfortable in the bedroom, and he considers pulling off his shirt over his head as soon as they enter. But in his mind's eye, he can imagine how Lucas’s eyes would snap down

towards the scar along his abdomen, then back up to the bullet wounds on each of his shoulders.

He doesn't want to give that explanation, so he doesn't remove his shirt, and distracts Lucas from his moment of hesitation with suffocating kisses.

Will leads Lucas to the edge of the bed, and reaches for Lucas's belt in fumbling motions. When he finally gets it unclasped, Lucas helps him push his pants off. Will does the same for his own pants, and they're left together mostly naked on the bed.

Lucas pulls Will so they both lay on their sides together, and Lucas's hands explore as they kiss. He uses both of his palms to feel the plumpness of Will's ass, and he can't help but squeeze when Will moans his approval.

Will grinds his ass back into Lucas's hands, and he uses his own to grope at Lucas's filling erection. When he hears the groan from Lucas's lips, he continues to stroke him through the cloth underwear.

Despite what the rules say about first dates, both of them are far too horny to stop now, and when Lucas pulls at Will's boxers, he makes no action to stop him.

"It's been a long time since I've been with a man," Lucas admits when he goes to press the pads of his fingertips against Will's hole.

"It's been since college, for me," Will blushes, and he really hopes it's not too obvious in the low lighting.

"Then I think a warmup might be needed," Lucas smirks, and he turns Will so his ass is in the air. He doesn't expect it, but he's glad that he took a shower before it happened.

Lucas's tongue meets his hole in a broad stripe of wetness, and it causes Will to stutter out a whine at the sensation. He doesn't know if anyone has ever done this to him before.

"Oh, Lucas," He moans as Lucas's tongue starts to alternate between licking and pushing on his hole.

It's only a few minutes before Will's hole starts to flutter at the attention, and Lucas feels confident that the foreplay is starting to work.

He reaches under Will's shirt and tries to push it up as far as it can, but it only frustrates him that he can't get to see all of Will's golden skin.

When his fingers start to massage the area around his hole, Will stutters out, "Wait, I brought lube."

Lucas squeezes Will's right cheek before telling him to grab it from his bag, on his way back to the bed, Lucas asks him, "Can you take off your shirt?"

"Only if we can turn the lights off," Will is firm in this, and doesn't reach for the lower hem of his shirt. Lucas considers it for only a second before he decides, "No deal, you can keep

the shirt. I want to see you."

Will smiles at him and waits patiently for Lucas to remove his boxers. He's just as big as he thought he was when he was feeling him through his underwear. Much larger than any of the anal toys that Will uses when he's in need of a guilty pleasure.

Lucas takes the half empty lube bottle from him, which reads 'Toy lubricant' on the label. He smiles at the thought of Will spread out on his bedsheets fucking himself for desperate relief after a hard day at the shelter.

Will lays on his back, since that's the most comfortable position for when he does this alone. Lucas lays to his side and massages the inside of his thighs for a moment to relax him once more. They kiss with no rush as Lucas lubricates his fingers and reaches between Will's legs to penetrate him.

At first Will tenses up, and Lucas can feel it when his hole squeezes around him, but after a moment of distracting kissing and stillness of his finger, his muscles relax enough to push his pointer inside.

Will groans as Lucas starts to wiggle the digit to make room inside of Will's colon walls, and he looks up at Lucas with foggy eyes.

Lucas smiles at him, and he kisses down his neck as he starts to fuck the single finger in and out at a slow pace. This is the process he uses for his other fingers, until he fits three inside and can fuck Will without any resistance.

Will's curls are sticking to his forehead, and his mouth hangs open slightly as a stream of pleasured noises leaves his lips when Lucas hits his prostate.

"Please," Will begs, "I'm ready."

Lucas places another kiss to Will's lips before he shifts his body so he towers over Will's more muscular frame against the bed. Lucas pulls his fingers out, and in a quick switch, he pushes his cock inside of Will.

Will gasps at the roughness of the switch, but he moans when Lucas bottoms out inside of him. He is so much larger than his toys, and he feels like Lucas is in his stomach.

Lucas waits until Will's muscles relax around him before he gives the first slow thrusts that make them both stop and breathe for a minute. Will tugs Lucas down so they can kiss, and Lucas uses the opportunity to pick up the pace of his thrusts.

They move in sync, and as Lucas's thrusts start to become more aggressive, Will's shirt starts riding up his torso. He's far too distracted to notice, and Lucas just keeps fucking him.

He leans back to grab a hold of Will's hips and fucks into his with harsh slaps that sound out and cover some of their moans. Lucas notices the long scar along Will's stomach, but he doesn't ask about it.

He simply says, “You’re beautiful,” and he picks up Will’s hips so only his shoulders touch the bed. With this angle, Lucas hits his prostate more frequently, and Will can’t even be self conscious of his scarred chest when Lucas looks down at it like he wants to lick and kiss every inch of it.

And he does, he leans down so he can lick at Will’s nipple with passionate circles and nipping teeth. He strokes Will’s cock, and basks in the way that it makes Will’s insides tense up.

“Fuck,” Will moans, and he can’t help when his toes curl and he comes all over his chest without any warning. It hits him like a freight train, and he’s left breathless as he’s crushed by his pleasure. He can’t say anything, but he whines out in a mix of pleasured pain as Lucas continues fucking him.

Will is sweating and crying from overstimulation, but Lucas still fucks him, “Er der næsten.”

Will groans at hearing the way Lucas moans the words in his native tongue, and Will has learned enough Danish to recognize that he’s telling him that he’s almost there.

“Will,” He pleads, and with one final thrust he comes inside of him with a long moan.

The feelings of Lucas’s semen inside of him is strange, but not unpleasant. Will is kissed while he processes the feeling, and Lucas pulls out once he’s done filling him up.

Unfortunately, Will can feel Lucas’s come slipping out of him and onto the sheets. Will doesn’t let it distract him though from their post-fuck kissing, which is oddly gentle but still passionate.

Will removes his sweat soaked shirt and Lucas kisses down Will’s collarbone to his shoulder, where he fondly touches the healed bullet wound.

“Don’t ask,” Will pleads.

“I wasn’t going to,” Lucas promises. “I was just admiring your perseverance.”

“Oh, shut up and kiss me,” Will rolls his eyes, and pulls Lucas back up to his lips. They kiss and kiss until Lucas finally invites Will to a shower in his attached bathroom.

“You’ll be uncomfortable in the morning if you don’t bathe,” Lucas explains, “But I warn you that I don’t often have hot water.”

“Come keep me warm then,” Will requests, and he allows Lucas to lead him into the shower.

Never in a million years did Will think he would be in Denmark with a handsomely sweet school teacher under a freezing shower head looking forward to their next date where they would find Fanny the friend she’s been desperately needing.

Chapter End Notes

I really do want to write another chapter where Will and Lucas walk around together in Will's animal shelter, but for right now I'm just going to leave this story with two chapters!

If you see a third pop up, it's your lucky day! Animal shelter chapter came to life!

Thank you for reading!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!